

THE MAN OF PARADISE

An Exiled American's Adventures in Wartime France

By Robert W. Chambers

("The Common Law," "The Fighting Chance," Etc.)

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Speed, a French soldier, had been captured by the Germans during the Franco-Prussian war. He was taken to a prison in Germany, where he was held for several years. He was then released and returned to France. He was now in Paris, where he was living in a small room. He was a man of many talents, and he was now using his talents to help the French people. He was a man of many talents, and he was now using his talents to help the French people.

CHAPTER VIII.
The Circus.

"Oh, go to the devil!" he snapped, and walked off to where Jacqueline stood glittering, her slim limbs striking fire from every silver scale.

"All ready, little sweetheart!" he cried, reassuringly, as she raised her blue eyes to his and shook her elf-locks around her flushed face. "It's our turn now; they're uncovering the tank, and Miss Crystal is on her trapeze. Are you nervous?"

"Not when you are by me," said Jacqueline.

"I'll be there," he said, smiling. "You will see me when you are ready. Look! There's the governor! It's your call! Quick, my child!"

"Good-bye," said Jacqueline, catching his hand in both of hers, and she was off and in the middle of the ring before I could get to a place of vantage to watch.

Up into the rigging she swung, higher, higher, hanging like a brilliant fly in all that net-wire and rope, turning, twisting, climbing, dropping, to her knees, until the people's cheers rose to a sustained shriek.

"Ready!" quavered Miss Crystal, hanging from her own trapeze across the grid.

It was the first signal. Jacqueline set her trapeze swinging and hung by her knees, face downward.

"Ready!" called Miss Crystal again, as Jacqueline's trapeze swung higher and higher.

"Go!" said Jacqueline, calmly.

Like a meteor the child flashed across the space between the two trapezes; Miss Crystal caught her by her ankles.

"Ready!" called Speed, from the ground below. He had turned quite pale. I saw Jacqueline, hanging head down, smile at him from her dizzy height.

"Ready!" he said, calmly.

Down, down, like a falling star, flashed Jacqueline into the shallow pool, then shot to the surface, shimmering like a leaping mullet, where she played and dived and darted, while the people screamed themselves hoarse, and Speed came out, shouting and trembling, coming with me like a mad man.

"I wish I had never let her do it; I wish I had never brought her here; never seen her, never heard her name!" I said to myself, as I saw her, hanging head down, smile at him from her dizzy height.

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ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

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"Of course you don't know that the circus has gone," he remarked. "One!" he echoed astonished.

"One?" he asked. "I don't know what's been going on," he began to dream, raising his head now and then to gaze out across the ocean toward Groux, where the cruiser once lay at anchor.

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Author of "THE YELLOW ROOM," Etc.

Will Begin Next Monday in The Evening World

Speed opened his mouth to say something, but closed it abruptly as a very faint tapping sounded on the door.

"Oh," she said in ungracious astonishment, "then you are not on the grave's awful verge, are you?"

"I hope you didn't expect to discover me there?" I replied, laughing. "Expect it? Indeed I did, monsieur. . . or I shouldn't be here at sunrise, scratching your door with my nails. . ."

"Any other saint?" I corrected, gravely. "I admit it, mademoiselle. . . I am a saint. . ."

"I feel that way about Mme. de Vassart," I said, laughing at the pretty, pouting mouth and sleepy eyes of this inamorata.

"I had never seen him so deeply moved," I said, laughing at the pretty, pouting mouth and sleepy eyes of this inamorata.

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devil gave a woman government papers. . .

"Technically they were government papers, but he considered them his own. . ."

"You are sure, Scarlett?" "Perfectly certain."

"Then, if you are certain, that settles the matter. . ."

"I rose and began to move around the room, restlessly. . ."

"How can it concern two Americans out of a job?" he observed, with a shrug. . .

"The whole fabric of French politics is rotten. . ."

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a bantering message to her victim herself a chain of which I might have been left in absolute ignorance. . .

"Impulse probably did it—reasonless impulse. . ."

"Will the positive gentleman with nine lives have a little more nourishment to sustain him?" she asked. . .

"I declined politely; and we followed her signal to rise. . ."

"There is a Mr. Kelly Eyre," she said to Speed, "connected with your circus. . ."

"Really?" she mused, amiably. "I knew him as a student in Paris when he was very young—and I was young. . ."

"Did you not see him?" I asked abruptly. . .

"Yes, I saw him. I should have liked to have seen him—once more. . ."

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scarcely a blossom—a rose or two; but the first frost will scatter the petals. . .

"The life of summer is too short; the life of flowers is too short; the life of flowers is too short. . ."

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